




# *THE SCRIBE*

Vol. LXV Issue I • April 29, 1993 Bridgeport, CT 06601

We Have  
Overcome...

A black and white photograph of a building with large, arched windows and a prominent overhanging roofline. The building is partially obscured by dark, leafy bushes in the foreground. The image is in high contrast, with deep shadows and bright highlights.



## News - Seniors



**DON'T FORGET!**

# CRUISE TO NOWHERE

**SATURDAY MAY 1, 1993**

**Bus leaves at 12:30 from Mandeville Hall**

\*All day pizza buffet

\*Open bar (beer and wine) from 2-5 pm

\*Cash bar from 5-6 pm

**\$5.00 for seniors      \$10.00 for non-seniors**

If you want to go and you still haven't paid, meet at  
Mandeville Hall at 12:00 pm.

Bus will return at 6:30 pm

I.D. Required

## THE SCRIBE

To inform, persuade  
and entertain

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University of Bridgeport

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Scribe reserves the right to edit  
all letters. All letters must be  
free of libel.



## Commencement Speaker:

**Geraldine Johnson**

-Former Bridgeport Superintendant of  
Schools

-Former University of Bridgeport  
Trustee

-Now an honorary Trustee

-Will be receiving an honorary degree

\*\*\*

Also receiving an honorary degree  
will be:

**Jacquelyn Durrell**

First Selectman of Fairfield

and

**Michael Hurbert**

President of Physicians Health Services



Geraldine Johnson

*The Scribe: To inform, persuade and entertain*

## Instructions for Commencement:

Date: Sunday, May 16, 1993

Time: 9:45am

Place: Arnold Bernhard Arts and  
Humanities Center Courtyard

Students will be receiving actual diplomas  
on the day of commencement, if they meet  
the following criteria:

- Balance paid in full
- Certified by college
- In measles compliance
- Application for graduation must have been  
received by March 15, 1993
- Financial Aid interviews must be  
completed by May 6th

\*\*\*

## Caps and Gowns:

Your order was part of your graduation  
application. Contact your dean if you  
didn't complete the order form.  
Bring cash or a check made out to the  
University of Bridgeport for:

Associate's Degree	\$25.00
Bachelor's Degree	\$35.00
Master's Degree	\$35.00
Doctorate	\$40.00

Place: Marina Hall Basement ROTC Room

Date: May 13 3:00pm-6:00pm

May 16 8:30am-9:45am

\*\*\*

## Assembly Time:

1. All candidates must be assembled at the  
Bernhard Center, with caps and gowns,  
no later than 8:45am.
2. Do not bring any valuables that must be  
carried with you.
3. Smoking and alcohol will not be tolerated.

All college groups will assemble at the  
Bernhard Center as follows:

Arts and Sciences	Mertens Theatre
Business	Carlson Gallery
Engineering	Room 110
College of Professional Studies	Recital Hall

\*\*\*

## Receptions:

Professional Studies	Marina Dining Hall
Arts and Sciences	Carlson Art Gallery
Business and Engineering	University Walk

\*\*\*

## Rain Plan:

will be decided by 7:15am

Business	9:00am Mertens Theatre
Engineering	9:00am Mertens Theatre
Arts and Sciences	11:00am Mertens Theatre
Professional Studies	11:00am Mertens Theatre



## News

# "UB CARES" About The Bridgeport Community

by Melanie Jackson

In an effort to bridge the gap between the University and the Bridgeport community, a group of thirty UB students and faculty participated in a series of volunteer service projects throughout the semester.

The first project took place at the Pembroke Street Family Shelter. Located on the East Side of Bridgeport, this shelter has been managed by the YMCA since the mid-1980s. It is a public shelter, and is open to any family who needs help. UB students spent time playing games and reading stories to the children at the shelter, and also sorted and folded donated clothing.

This series of service projects, called "UB Cares," was developed by Student Congress and Mark Abrams, Director of Student Programming and Community Development. The goal of the program is to help the community



MELANIE JACKSON

while building a sense of commitment and pride in UB students.

Another "UB Cares" project involved assisting the Habitat for Humanity organization in rebuilding houses for those who cannot afford to buy their own. This program, made popular by former President Jimmy Carter,

requires families to put 500 hours of "sweat equity" into building the houses before they can move into them. The volunteer efforts are managed by retired contractors.

The final project in the series involved environmental clean-up. Clean Sound, Inc. is a non-profit organization run entirely by vol-

unteers. Their purpose is to remove fixed and floatable pollutants from the Long Island Sound and its contributing watershed areas. The organization is operated with the help of donations from volunteers and also through mini-grants received from Newman's Own Foundation and the Bridgeport

Area Foundation. UB students spent time assisting Clean Sound volunteers in heaving debris and collecting garbage from Pleasure Beach in Bridgeport.

"UB Cares" participates in other service projects. In collaboration with the sorority Theta Epsilon, "UB Cares" raised over eleven hundred dollars by selling daffodils. The proceeds went to the American Cancer Society.

The "UB Cares" service projects were considered successful and rewarding experience by all who were involved. Look for notices of upcoming projects at the beginning of the fall semester.

*Success is a journey, not a destination*

-Ben Sweetland

## President Clinton and Segal Put Final Touches on the National Service Initiative

In early April, President Clinton and Eli Segal, Director of the White House Office of National Service, met to hammer out a number of final details of the National Service Initiative.

Mr. Segal, a longtime friend and aide to Mr. Clinton, said he expects the President to present national service legislation to Congress by the end of the month. "We're moving rapidly toward conclusion," he said after the hour-long session in the Roosevelt Room of the White House West Wing. Mr. Segal also said that the President, who has been involved in every step of the policy making process, plans to monitor the progress of the legislation closely.

On March 1, President Clinton gave a major address at Rutgers University in which he challenged young people to national service in their own communities and announced the "Summer of Service" leadership training program. In response to the President's call, the Office of National Service has received thousands of letters from young people across the country.

The National Service Initiative has been allocated funds for fiscal years 1994 through 1997 within the broad outlines of the budget resolution recently passed by Congress. The President has promised that the program will be a "non-bureaucratic" model of government reinvented.



## Women's Center Is Open for Comfort

by Ellie Hall

April 22 marked the historical day the University of Bridgeport's Women's Center officially opened. The facility is located at 85 Park Avenue and is open to all men and women who want to come and enjoy what it has to offer. The center includes a lounge for relaxing, reading and talking. It also has a lending library of books about women and women's issues, and a meeting room.

The Women's Center is not only

a place to go, but a place to learn as well. The center was the brainchild of a group of women who felt a need for a type of facility that would serve the purpose of educating and enlightening those interested in women's issues. Although the center's focus is on women's issues, the entire UB community can learn from programs that the center offers. There will be programs dealing with women's rights, self defense, sexual assault, date rape, parenting, career development and

assertiveness training, issues for everyone to address.

Two main goals of the Women's Center here at UB are to "support a world without discrimination" and to facilitate choices that will aid the improvement of women's lives. Long term plans include introducing child care facilities on campus.

The Women's Center is for everyone in the University of Bridgeport community. The center is open Monday through Friday from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

## Head Coach Speaks With Pride Of His Volleyball Team

by Sheldon Neal

What do you get when you cross a Brit, a Belgian, a Greek, a Jamaican, two Puerto Ricans, an Israeli and a couple of Americans?

**Answer: The 1993 Men's Volleyball Team!**

To say that this was somewhat of a diverse group is a diabolical understatement. Yet these individuals who span the globe, came together to complete a season of volleyball games. They played in a dedicated and professional man-

ner. Against all odds, the team managed to compete and win at least one game in virtually all the competitions. Every second the players were on the court, they gave 110%.

Even when bad luck reared its ugly head, leaving two players ineligible and one with a crushed elbow and out of the competition for the rest of the semester, the team bounced back. Pulling together and making adjustments, they went back out and again gave it their all.

It was not always pretty (and oh how *The Connecticut Post* loved to

remind us of that), but it was always professional. And from a coach's standpoint, although the overall record was slightly undesirable, the season was certainly deemed a success.

The University of Bridgeport's Men's Volleyball Team had an enjoyable season. With all of the team's ups and downs, the players had to rely heavily on one another and in a coach's eyes, this makes the team stronger and more exciting to watch and learn from.

This team symbolizes the entire University in that both refuse to give in to the odds.

## Diverse Artists on Display in the Carlson Art Gallery

by Leticia Pizarro

UB's Carlson's Gallery will open its doors once again to another wonderful exhibit, the 1993 National Juried Art Exhibition. The exhibit is comprised of works by six very talented artists who won the competition.

The event is jointly sponsored by the Bridgeport Area Arts Council and the University of Bridgeport's Department of Visual Arts.

Some 400 artists from around the state and the country entered the competition by submitting works to be judged. The selection of winners was administered by the curator of the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City, Ms. Elizabeth Sussman.

The gallery will be displaying

this exhibit from April 22 to May 22, 1993 every Thursday through Saturday from 11AM to 5PM.

The six gifted artists whose work make up this diverse show are Donise English, Carole Kim, Diane M. Remick, Joel Seaman, Wendy Letven and Jennette Williams.

This exhibit is fresh and full of life; it will captivate its viewers.

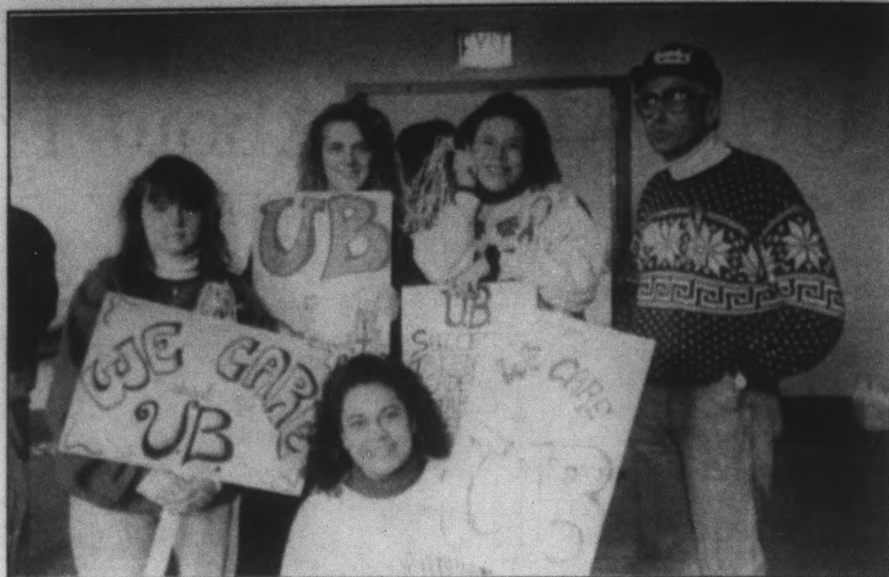






courtesy UB PR Dept

Japanese students perform karate at the annual International Festival.



ELLIE HALL

The UB community pulled together to prove its faith in the University in hopes of regaining accreditation.



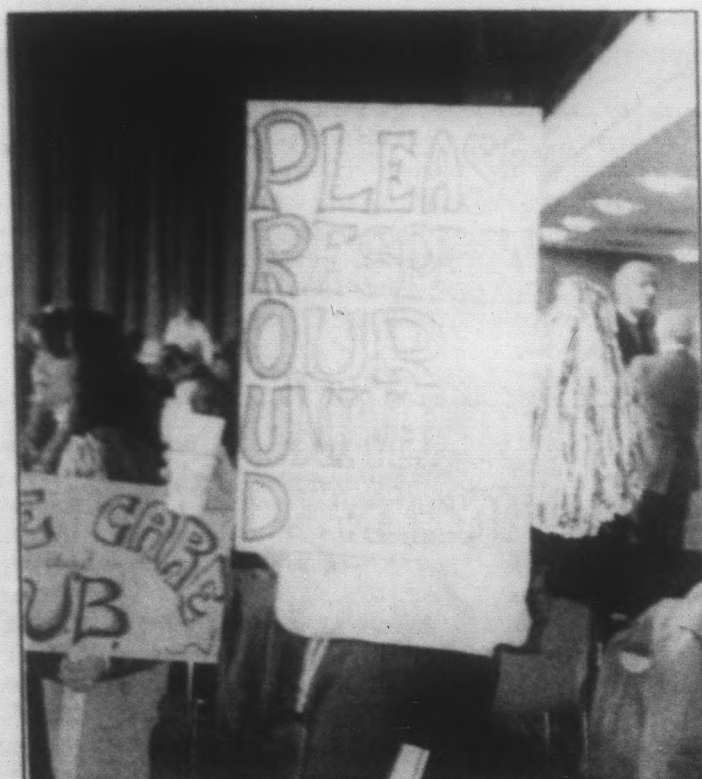
courtesy UB PR Dept

Norway represents itself with a smile at the annual International Festival



ELLIE HALL

Simone Upsie smiles after the decision to keep UB afloat.



ELLIE HALL

Students supported the University in Hartford with signs and cheers.

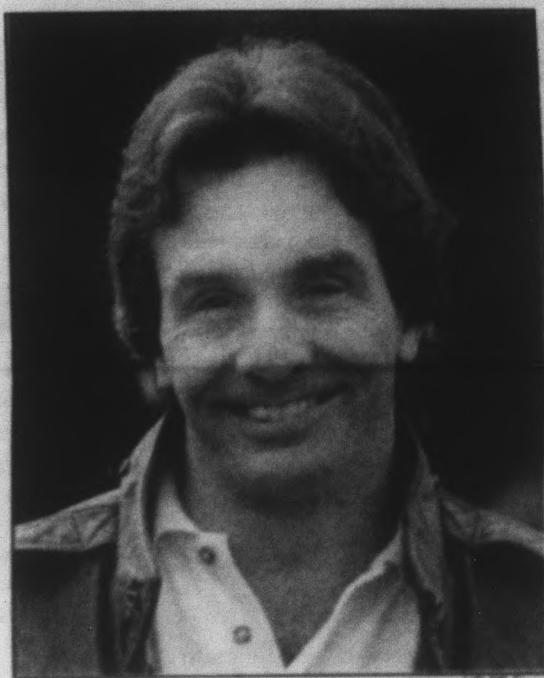


## At A Glance



*Where has the Barnum statue gone?*

courtesy UB PR Dept



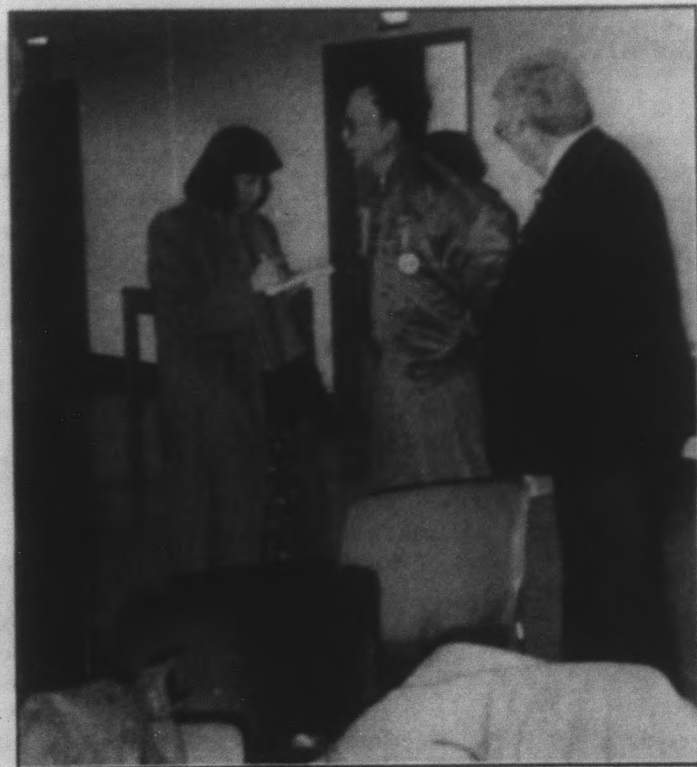
*The Spring '93 Capstone speaker, Dr. Kevin McBride*

courtesy UB PR Dept



*Will this clock ever work again?*

courtesy UB PR Dept



*Last minute questions before deciding to accreditate the University until 1995*

ELLIE HALL

***The Scribe: To inform, persuade and entertain***



## Opinion

## Commentary by Jeff Lemberg

The University of Bridgeport is taking yet another beating from *The Connecticut Post*. As the "columnist," George Wadley, wrote in the April 21 edition, "The baseball situation brings an added disgrace to a school that has become all too familiar with degradation." Well Mr. Wadley, the only degradation I see is that you are writing for a third rate newspaper covering a supposed third rate baseball team.

And what about that team? The 1993 University of Bridgeport's Baseball program has had to battle some great adversaries this year. With a declining student body and no scholarship assistance, the team started with only six players. Only two players had had recent baseball experience. After finding a few more players, the Purple

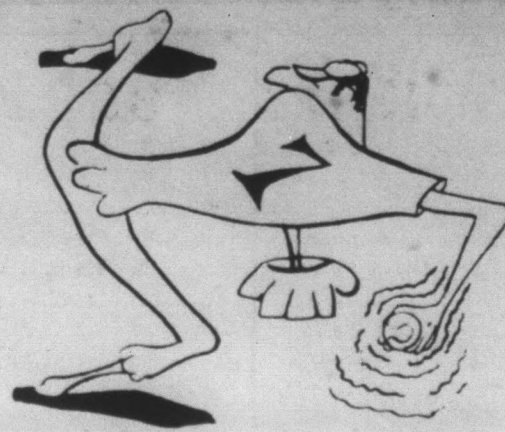
Knights were ready to play out their scheduled league. Out sized, out numbered and over matched, league officials of the New England Collegiate Conference decided to place the fate of the Men's Athletic Department in the hands of a walk-on baseball program. Knowing that maintaining the team all year would be close to impossible, the NECC threatened to continue probation of the Men's Athletics at the University.

After losing a few players and obtaining a few back, the Purple Knights have remained dedicated to competing this season. As *The Connecticut Post* staff writer Frank Szivos once wrote, "The University of Bridgeport's baseball team is the college version of the Bad News Bears." Well I don't know about anyone else, but I loved the

Bears. They were fighters who had something Mr. Szivos truly lacks, character.

No matter how few runs are scored, or how many errors are made, the University's baseball team should be commended for their efforts this season. Our players were not brought here on athletic scholarships like 90 percent of their competition. They are playing out of a love for the sport and a desire to see the program continue at the University for years to come. Anyone can sit back and joke about the UB Baseball team, but not to appreciate their efforts and dedication to the game and the University is to miss the point.

So let's hear it for Walter Matthau and the University of Bridgeport's Baseball team.



## Commentary by Jodie Kail

It took me a while to decidewhat I wanted to write this article about; then I figured that since this is the only issue of *The Scribe*, I might as well just do some sort of recap of the year.

When I got back here this summer, I found out that only three dorms were going to be open. When I first came to UB in 1989, there were seven. Then I found out that in those three dorms, practically everyone had their own room. In '89, you couldn't get your own room if you were the President of the United States.

Since I got back here early, I volunteered to help out with Orientation in the beginning of September. To those thirteen of you who actually showed up, I'm sorry you didn't get a chance to see Bridgeport when I had my Orientation. Marina Dining Hall was filled with people playing all kinds of cheesy games in order to get to know one another. Seriously, the place was packed. There were about twenty or so purple people and each was assigned about ten new students. I thought it was kind of immature at the time, but after this year's, I would do it over again in a second.

Then came registration and the annual trip to the Bursar's Office. I just strolled on in, brought my slips to the desk, got a stamp that cleared me for registration, and I registered. The whole adventure took no longer than 15 minutes, tops. Are you kidding? I remember waiting on line in Rennell Hall for almost two hours just to get my "Cleared By The Bursar" stamp. Then, I would still have to register. It would usually become a two or three-day process; who wanted to spend the entire day waiting on lines? If only we had that problem this year. I would have gladly waited on line if it meant that there were actually other people here beside the 100 of us. Sorry, I meant 1,700.

had fun this year.

-just one of the guys

Atti- Question. How do you eat a Reese's? Do you nibble it or take it in one bite? Knowing you, you poke a hole in the middle. You Go Girl!

-Love M.

To the new half of OE- Congratulations on getting in and not having to live through hell anymore!

-Love 'Ya, M.

Good Luck on Boards Girls!!!

Well, after the breeze of registration, I went to class. No, I'm not talking about walking into the Jacobsen Wing in Mandeville Hall and searching for an unoccupied seat. I'm talking about walking into one of the two rooms where I attend six different classes, and pulling up one chair to sit, one chair to put my feet on, and one for my bookbag. What's the student teacher ratio now, like 2:1?

On to the dining hall. I'm just glad I don't eat there anymore. I thought that last year I saw tumble weeds scattered about, but this year it was like a ghost town, at first anyway. Do you think that ghosts would eat rice? Sorry. Do you remember the line you used to have to wait on for your food? I'm talking about prime time dining, on a pizza day. Between getting your meal, finding a seat, and grabbing a drink, you had already spent a good half hour or so. That was a quality half hour you missed of idle rumors, socializing and plans for the evening. Ah, the social life.

What ever happened to it? We said goodbye to Alberto's, adios to the Merry Widow, see 'ya to Austin Street, and later to the Warehouse. But, now we have The Sports Page. Hardly a consolation. But who am I to knock it. It's all we have left, next to Pub Night.

All in all, I would have given anything for this year to have been even half the fun of freshman year. But, I suppose I lose. The year is over, who knows what is in store for those of you, who are remaining next year? If it follows the pattern of decreasing as each year passes, good luck - this year will seem like a Utopia. If you've had a good time, and overall, the combined four years haven't been that bad, then chalk up the University of Bridgeport as a place you will never forget. A place, where if they don't start getting some money, will never forget you.

Alex-

The Comedy Club man is after me now

-Your RA

PJ-

I want your body, am I scaring You?!!!!

-V

*The Scribe* is finally out, so please no more complaints.

T&S- Thanks for proofing *The Scribe* "staff"

## The Personals

Mary Claire- Here's to: Barnum 237, going to the "moall," the waves on Seeley 2 East, Sinead, Depeche, St. Elmo's, Sisterhood, Dental Hygiene, some beer, and a nostalgic conversation. I'm gonna miss you!

-Your Freshman year roomie

Jackie- One last cup of tea?

-Carole

Congratulations **new** OE sisters: Tish, Tricia, and Michelle!!!

Mindy- Stay calm, don't stress - you have a wonderful year ahead - don't worry, we'll visit!

-Carole, etc...

Amy- Dental Hygiene will never be the same! You'll do fine. Best wishes, thanks for everything and don't overfeed fishy!

Congrats Fones Class of 1993!!!

Theodore- See, some don't matter, but you do and don't forget it! Thanks for a musically hummed 4 years!

-C

To whoever trashed the bathroom- Grow up! We all suffered because of you!

Sofia & Theta- Stick together and thanks for the "from the hip" chats!

-C

From Simsbury to Glastonbury- My soda-drinking-soul-sister: any more visions? P.S. The haircut looks great! Take Care!

Marky- Thanks for everything!

-The Incredible Crevice

Kim- Buy yourself a the-the-thesaurus

for your senior year. You'll need it!

OE's Neophyte To the new OE sista's- Who's the Hip Chip!?

Susie- You are finally getting out of the "NUT!" Thanks for the Spec last year, one of these days I'm going to teach you how to drive Dolby. I still want to know when the zits will stop, when people will be nice, why you always get caught, and when we are going to see "Ted" again. Good luck in the Cookoo, if that's where you end up, I **know** this isn't the end!

-your neighbor from 403

Sofia- Gloria Velgot! I said GLORIA VELGOT!

To the graduating OE sisters- Best of luck in your future endeavors.

-The Olympia Loumpa's

Hey Baseball Guys- How about hitting one in to the sound? You can do it!

-Tish

S.P.- Where's Theta (our new mascot)?

T.P.- Me! Me! Me! Me!

Dr. Blake, Anne, and Tim- Seriously, we are just friends!

-Jodie

Atti, Cookie and Mouse- OE Spring '93! (We made it!)

M.D., C.K., S.P., S.U.- We'll miss You!

-Love T.P., M.H., T.B.

Good Luck to the Dental Hygiene students that are waiting to get their Board's results, hope it's good news for all!

Nic- Happy Belated Birthday Babe. Wow, 20! How old am I again?

-Me

Mex- Wish the hair thing never happened, would have loved to run my fingers through it. Oh well, still think your a babe. Maybe I'll get the balls to say Hola!

Catcher 23- Why don't you come catch me?

-Atti

President Jeff Lemberg- Well, um... Basically

-Student Congress

History Partner (Determination)- The brief Romanticism... Industrial Revolution? ...The caffeinated overdose of Russian Revolution. WWII... Thanx for the ear (no you can't have it back)... it helped me keep my quacky sanity. P.S. P.T. Barnum doesn't have a mustache.

-"Strength" (History)

Smidge and Tricia- Playgirl!!! and Sprinkles??? = Jon Secada! Oh, and don't forget TACO BELL! You carried me when WWII frazzled my spirits. You took my phone calls at 6am. You drove me home when otherwise I couldn't come. I love you my soul sista's - but don't let it go to your head! (Especially you Ms. M.E)

Nic- They might be giants That blonde guy - oh my! Tag sale happening Hi Sonia Sono- Poison Ivy! Locking the keys in your car ... 'Nuff said!!!

-Luv 'ya, Chelle

Tucker and Derek- It's been... interesting! Kidding, I



## In Retrospect

## Looking Back...Why I Stayed at the University

by Edward Rush

April 6, 1988. It was a rainy, spring morning, and it was the first time I ever set foot on the UB campus. Being a high school senior, I was filled with the normal anxieties and expectations of anyone my age. As I walked around the campus for the first time, I remember feeling very comfortable; I knew that this was where I'd be going to school.

Since that day, UB has changed in many ways. For instance, my first year Cooper, Chaffee, Seeley, Barnum, Schine and Bodine Halls were open and overflowing with students. All campus parking lots were full and if you dared to go into Marina after 5:00PM, you were lucky if you could find a seat. There was life on campus: activities, parties, etc.

UB has lost a lot in the last five years. I first noticed it in my second semester when some close friends I had made did not return (Little did I know that I would see many people come and go over the next four years).

My second year began with the demise of Alberto's, and ended with the news that Cooper and Chaffee were going co-ed. Yes, I'd heard it correctly. Come fall of 1990 my beloved floor, Cooper 2, would be all women. So, at the end of my sophomore year, I reluctantly packed my bags and moved to Chaffee Hall.

Things definitely came to a head

in my third year. In the fall of 1990, we were welcomed back with a faculty strike. Luckily, I was in the Business School and had all my classes from day one. But many people, including freshmen, went for weeks without classes - a blessing for some, a

welfare of their students. That is a line that never should have been crossed; but it was, several times. From the handing out of anti-UB flyers in front of Mandeville to the disgusting "Boycott UB" billboard on I-95, the union not only disgraced themselves, but they also

although I moved off campus to scenic Atlantic Street, I kept in touch with campus happenings by staying on the meal plan. Marina Dining Hall, now 1/4 of its size in 1988, served as a meeting place where we would discuss current events. In between meals, I fin-

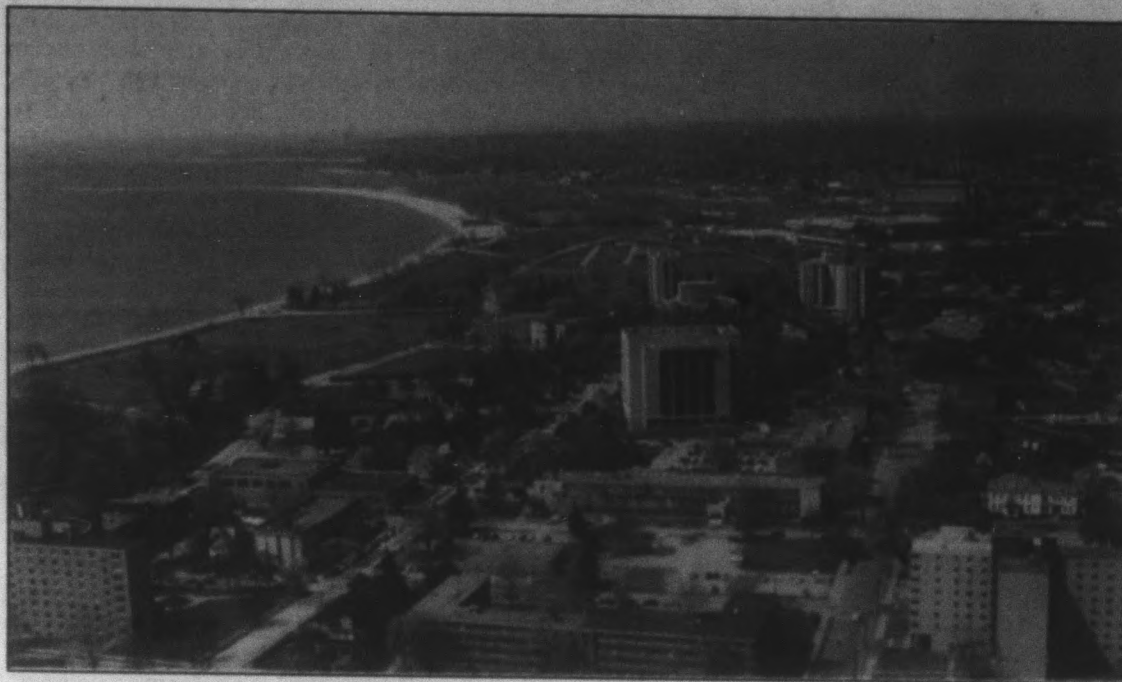
four years; why I chose to go through all that occurred between 1988 and 1992. All I can think of when these questions come to mind is that rainy spring day five years ago. From the moment I set foot on UB soil, I knew I was home.

Right now UB is going through a metamorphosis, searching for and defining its new identity. I have faith in UB and I feel that, in time, it will once again become an excellent and respected institution of learning.

However, there are still some people who think UB is dead, or who fear "Moonie" brainwashing tactics. To these folks I offer the analogy of a baseball team in the rebuilding process. For sixty years the New York Yankees were a dynasty, winning at least one World Series in each decade from 1920 through 1980. In the mid 1980s, due to the loss of some key players and changes in management, the dynasty crumbled and they were forced to rebuild. Now, some years later, the Yankees have rebuilt their team and are to be taken seriously once again.

I believe that the same exact thing is happening to UB. The UB dynasty began to crumble in the late 1980s, and now it's rebuilding. Everyone in the UB community must be patient and let the fate of the University take its course, because I believe that, within a few years, UB will be taken seriously once again.

- Edward Rush is a 1992 graduate



disappointment for others.

I must admit that in the beginning, I supported the faculty. But as the strike went on, the union got greedier and their tactics uglier, I eventually lost all respect for their cause. It became clear that while this group of "college professors" were trying to acquire more for themselves, they neglected the

disgraced UB. Many students left the school during and after this fiasco, and somewhere in-between, UB lost its identity. Those of us who stayed just viewed the strike as another storm we chose to weather. But it became increasingly clear that UB's morale was at an all time low.

Thus came my senior year, and

ished off my college career at a university flirting with financial ruin. However, shortly before 1992 graduation, an agreement was reached with the "Moonie"-funded P.W.P.A. (Professors World Peace Academy) that ensured financial longevity for the University.

Looking back, I sometimes wonder why I stayed at UB for

## Looks like a Vivarin night.

It's 10 PM. You've crammed for finals all week. Took two today. And now you've got to pack an entire semester's worth of Philosophy into one take-home exam, in one night. But how do you stay awake when you're totally wiped? Revive with Vivarin. Safe as coffee, Vivarin helps keep you awake and mentally alert for hours. So when you have pen in hand, but sleep on the brain, make it a Vivarin night!



Revive with VIVARIN®

Use only as directed. Contains caffeine equivalent to 2 cups of coffee.

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## Leisure

Calendar of  
Special Events

- April 29** **Student Awards Reception**  
4:00 p.m.  
duPont Tower Room
- Karaoke Party**  
9:00 p.m.  
Marina Dining Hall
- April 30** **Residence Association BBQ**  
11:00 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.  
Behind Student Center
- BSA's Block Party**  
10:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.  
Between Cooper and Chaffee
- May 1** **Cruise to Nowhere**  
Bus leaves 12:30 p.m.
- Sophomore Class Purple and White Party**  
9:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.  
Marina Dining Hall
- May 4** **"Let's Talk About It"**  
Topic: "Women and ..."  
12:00 noon - 1:30 p.m.  
UB Women's Center
- May 6** **Above and Beyond Lunch**  
12:00 noon  
Waldemere
- May 16** **Graduation**  
9:45 a.m.  
Bernhard Center Courtyard
- MAY 17** **Hall Director and RA BBQ**  
6:00 p.m.  
Outside Chaffee Hall
- May 19** **Hall Director and RA Dinner**  
6:00 p.m.  
Location TBA

University of Bridgeport's 13th Annual  
Campus Service and Student Leadership  
Awards Ceremony

Thursday, April 29, 1993

4:00 p.m.

Henry B. duPont Tower Room

Bernhard Center

## A short story:

by Ellie Hall

In and out, Keally thought. Stupidity. It was so boring. How could anyone like doing such a thing? It was the same thing all the time, over and over again.

Her lithe body was surrounded by a multitude of gray pillows; they matched the loneliness she felt. She tried not to move, but to lay there dead.

"In. Out. In. Out," Keally cried out, hoping for everyone in the house to hear. She wished they would come to her door and try to get in. She imagined them knocking; the banging creating a rhythm on her wooden door. It would be just at that moment that her family would forget protocol of knocking, and walk in on her just when she would reach her

## Monotonous

climax, Keally wished. No one came.

That would be ecstasy, she thought. It would serve them right. Serve them all.

In and out. In and out. In and out.

How can anyone enjoy such a tedious act? Most never know it happens or even care; this was Keally's feeling on the whole event. She stopped caring a long time ago. It didn't matter what she did with her body, because it was her body — and her life. Keally wondered what it would be like when it was all over; she had never gone all the way before. She had tried for days, but they always interrupted her.

"Bastards," she spoke softly. Keally was tired. She closed her eyes. "Bastards. Bastards. Bas-

tards, all of you." She was breathless; it was harder.

"Take me!" she whispered.

In. Out. In. Out. The motion slowed drastically.

"My ecstasy!" Keally uttered. She fell into a malignant slumber.

When the motion stopped, she had been taken.

\* \* \* \*

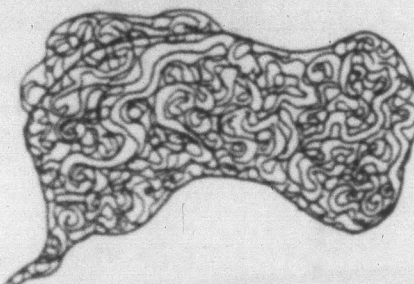
They had gathered during the rainstorm to say their goodbyes. No one wondered why she did it; they all knew. It was just like her. The tombstone read:

1973-1993

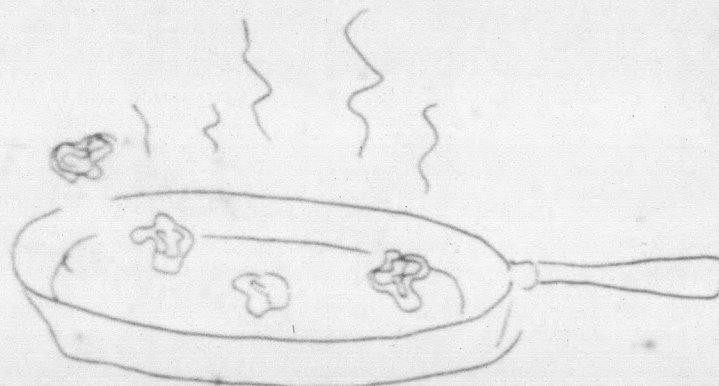
It's just like

KEALLY "SUNSHINE" MAS  
to make a dramatic exit

College Is....



Your Brain...



After Exams

Ellie '92

AMIGOS CHIGUITOS

KNOW WHAT I NEED?

WHAT?



I NEED A GIRLFRIEND, A  
GIRL TO HOLD ME, CARESS ME,  
KISS ME, HUG ME...



WHAT DO YOU  
SAY...

BYE!

